

SPAWN[®]



Capullo 4

138



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

SPAWN[®]



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

A THOUSAND CLOWNS

PART FIVE

DEDICATED TO
ANDY HORNE

PLOT

TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS

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SPAWN 137 SUMMARY

The city of Manhattan has become a circus. Fires blaze uncontrollably. Violence erupts. Panic spreads like the plague. The citizens scream, beg and plead for somebody to save them from the chaos. Their hero, Spawn, fights gallantly against the Clown's minions and does his best to save the innocent people of Manhattan from this Hellish anarchy. But how long can one man stand against a force of thousands?



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
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A CITY PLUNGED
INTO DARKNESS. THE
NIGHT SPLIT BY
SIREN WAILS AND
SCREAMS OF PANIC.

THE ISLAND OF
MANHATTAN IS SEALED
OFF, ITS PEOPLE
TRAPPED LIKE RATS IN
CAGES. IT WAS ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME TILL
THE RATS TURNED ON
THEMSELVES.

ABOVE IT ALL, THERE
IS A MAD CACKLING,
ECHOING FROM A
THOUSAND THROATS.

MANY HOURS
TILL SUNRISE
AND THE
LUNATICS ARE
TAKING OVER
THE CITY.



WHAT WOULD
YOU DO IF IT
WERE UP TO YOU
TO SAVE IT?

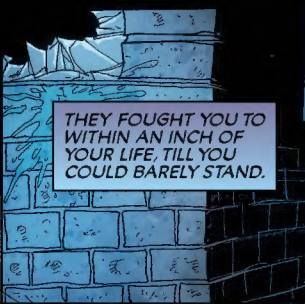
WHERE
WOULD YOU
EVEN BEGIN?



EVERYWHERE IS
CHAOS AND
PANDEMONIUM.

POLICE!
FREEZE!

RAGE AND
FEAR TAKE
OVER.



THEY FOUGHT YOU TO
WITHIN AN INCH OF
YOUR LIFE, TILL YOU
COULD BARELY STAND.



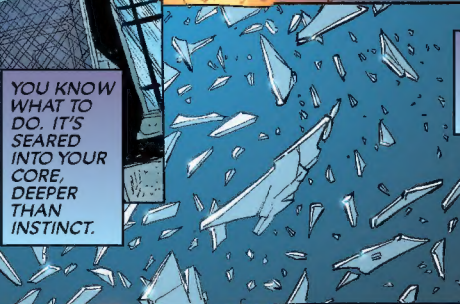
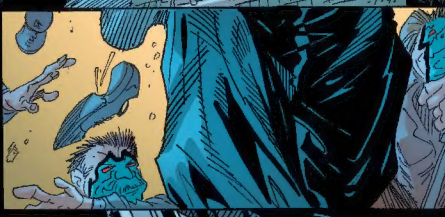
NOW THEY
ARE OUT
THERE,
TERRORIZING
THE CITY.



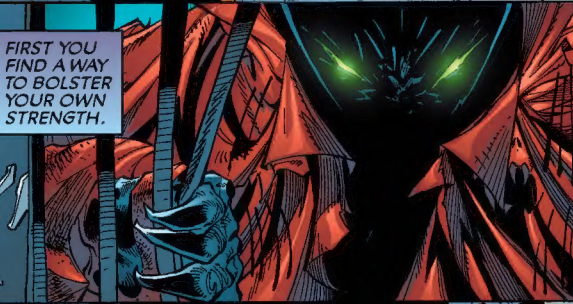
NOTHING
STANDS IN
THEIR WAY.
YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE.



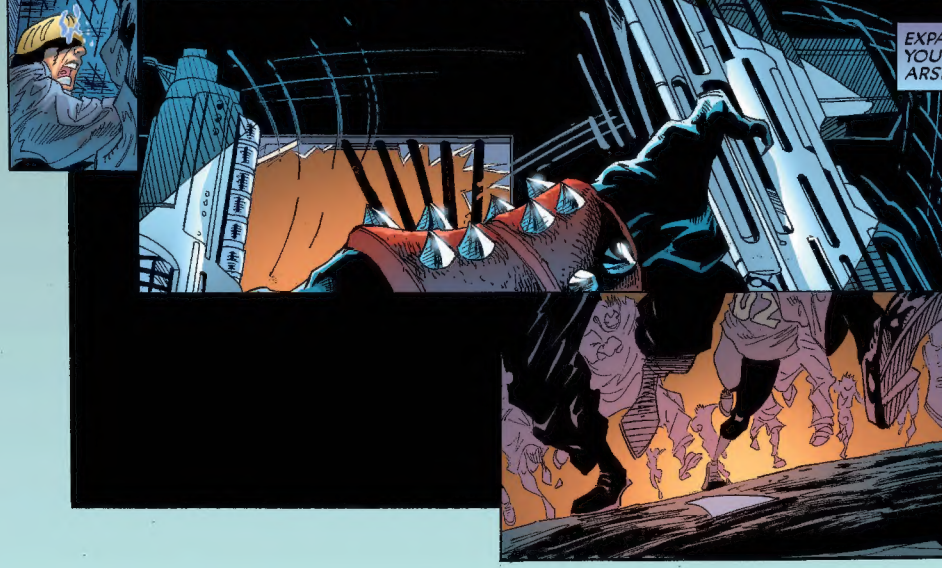
BUT YOU ARE A SOLIDER. THERE
IS NO ROOM FOR HESITATION.
NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.



YOU KNOW
WHAT TO
DO. IT'S
SEARED
INTO YOUR
CORE,
DEEPER
THAN
INSTINCT.



FIRST YOU
FIND A WAY
TO BOLSTER
YOUR OWN
STRENGTH.



EXPAND
YOUR
ARSENAL.



HEY! GET OUT,
YOU GODDAMN
LOOTERS! I'LL BLOW
YOUR FREAKIN'
HEAD OFF!

THEN YOU SADDLE
UP AND START
TAKING HEADS.

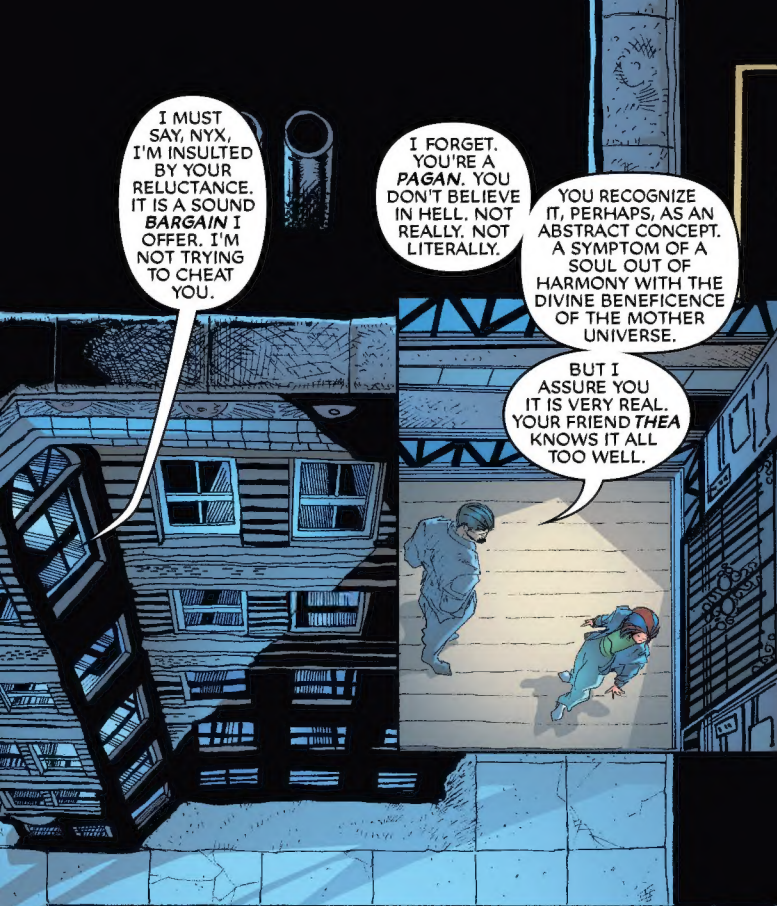


A CITY PLUNGED
INTO DARKNESS.

CHAOS AND
PANDEMONIUM.

YOU CAN'T
SAVE
EVERYONE.

SO YOU SAVE
THE ONES
YOU CAN.



I MUST SAY, NYX, I'M INSULTED BY YOUR RELUCTANCE. IT IS A SOUND **BARGAIN** I OFFER. I'M NOT TRYING TO CHEAT YOU.

I FORGET. YOU'RE A **PAGAN**. YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HELL. NOT REALLY. NOT LITERALLY.

YOU RECOGNIZE IT, PERHAPS, AS AN ABSTRACT CONCEPT. A SYMPTOM OF A SOUL OUT OF HARMONY WITH THE DIVINE BENEFICENCE OF THE MOTHER UNIVERSE.

BUT I ASSURE YOU IT IS VERY REAL. YOUR FRIEND **THEA** KNOWS IT ALL TOO WELL.

I BELIEVE YOU, BUT I STILL WON'T HELP YOU.

AH. THEN PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU CAN OUTWIT ME. LIKE THE SIMPLETON HERO WHO TRICKS THE **DEVIL** IN SOME APPALACHIAN FOLK SONG. SILLY GIRL.

DO YOU KNOW WHY **HEAVEN** IS RENDERED A PRISTINE, SEAMLESS PARADISE...



...WHILE **HELL** IS CARVED UP IN THE FEUDING LITTLE FIEFDOMS, ALWAYS SQUABBLING AMONGST THEMSELVES?

BECAUSE **HELL** IS **STRONGER**. IF IT EVER **UNITED**, HEAVEN WOULD BE SUNDERED WITHIN AN HOUR. THERE'S GREAT POWER THERE. POWER BEYOND **IMAGINING**.

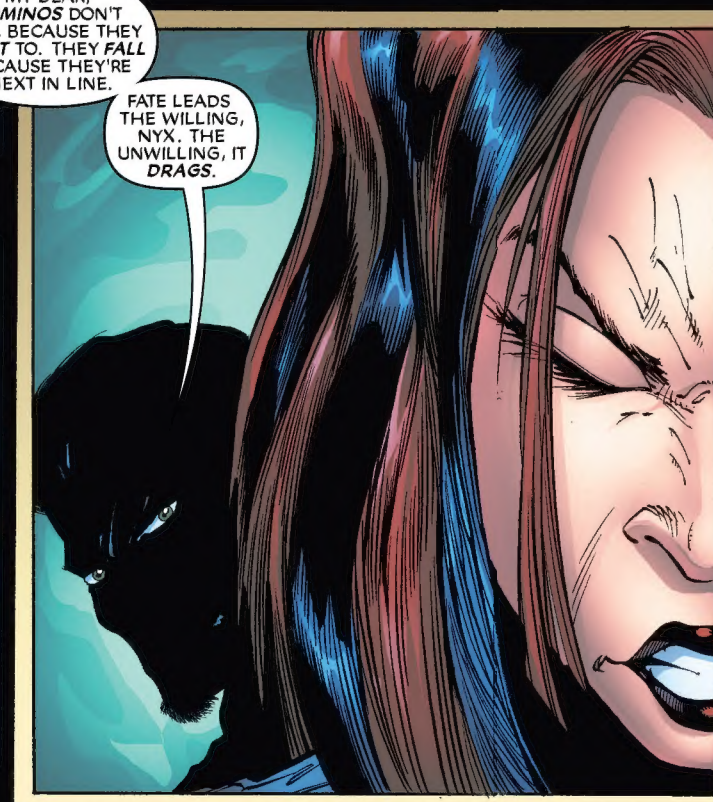


AND YOU'RE DELUSIONAL IF YOU THINK--

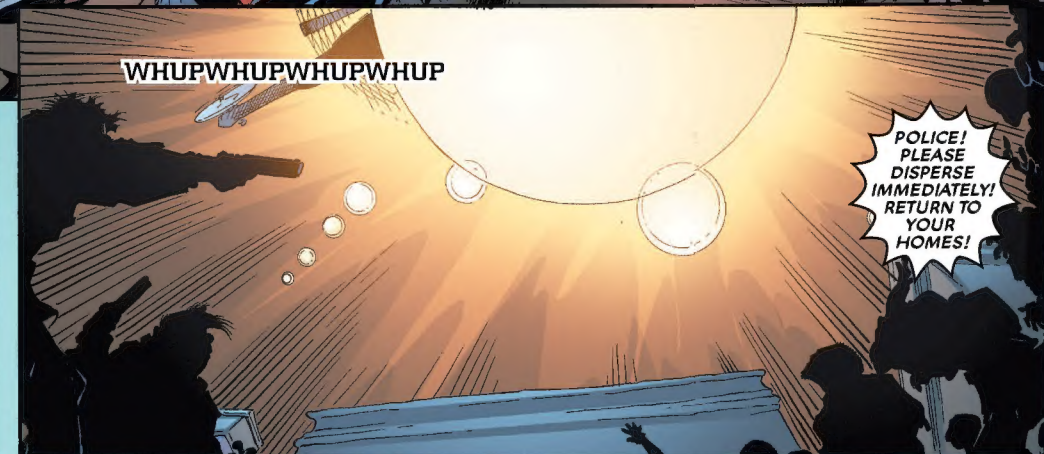
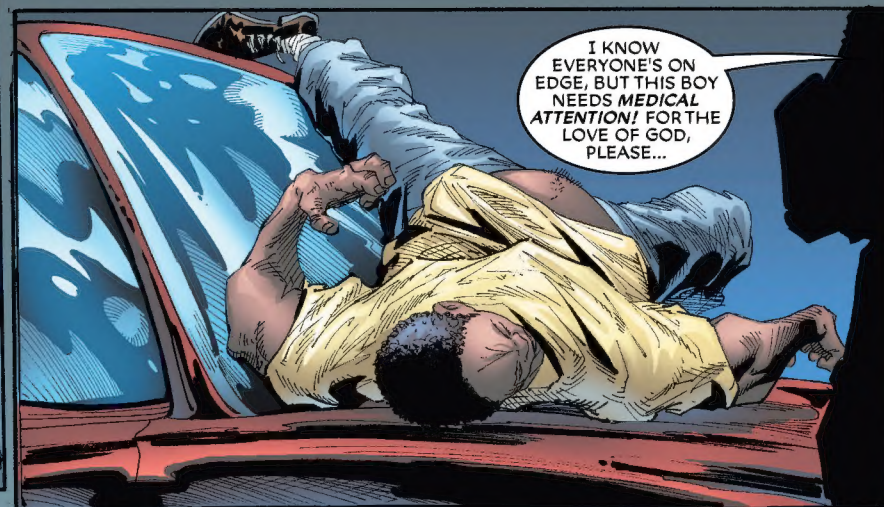
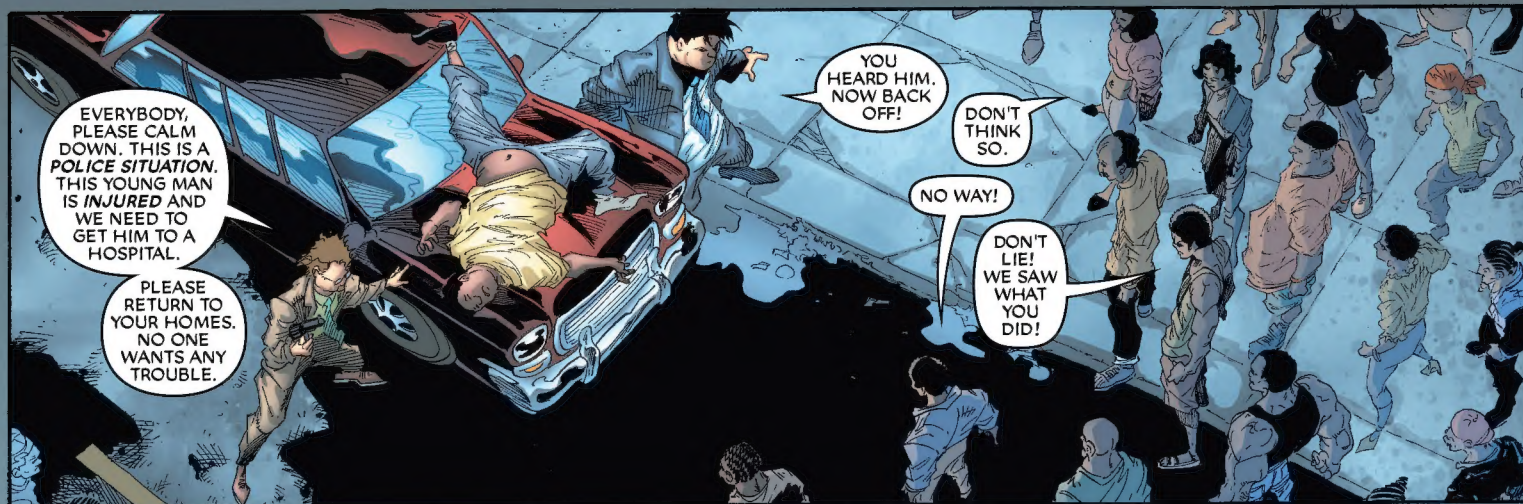
STOP IT! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! I TOLD YOU, I WANT NO PART OF THIS!

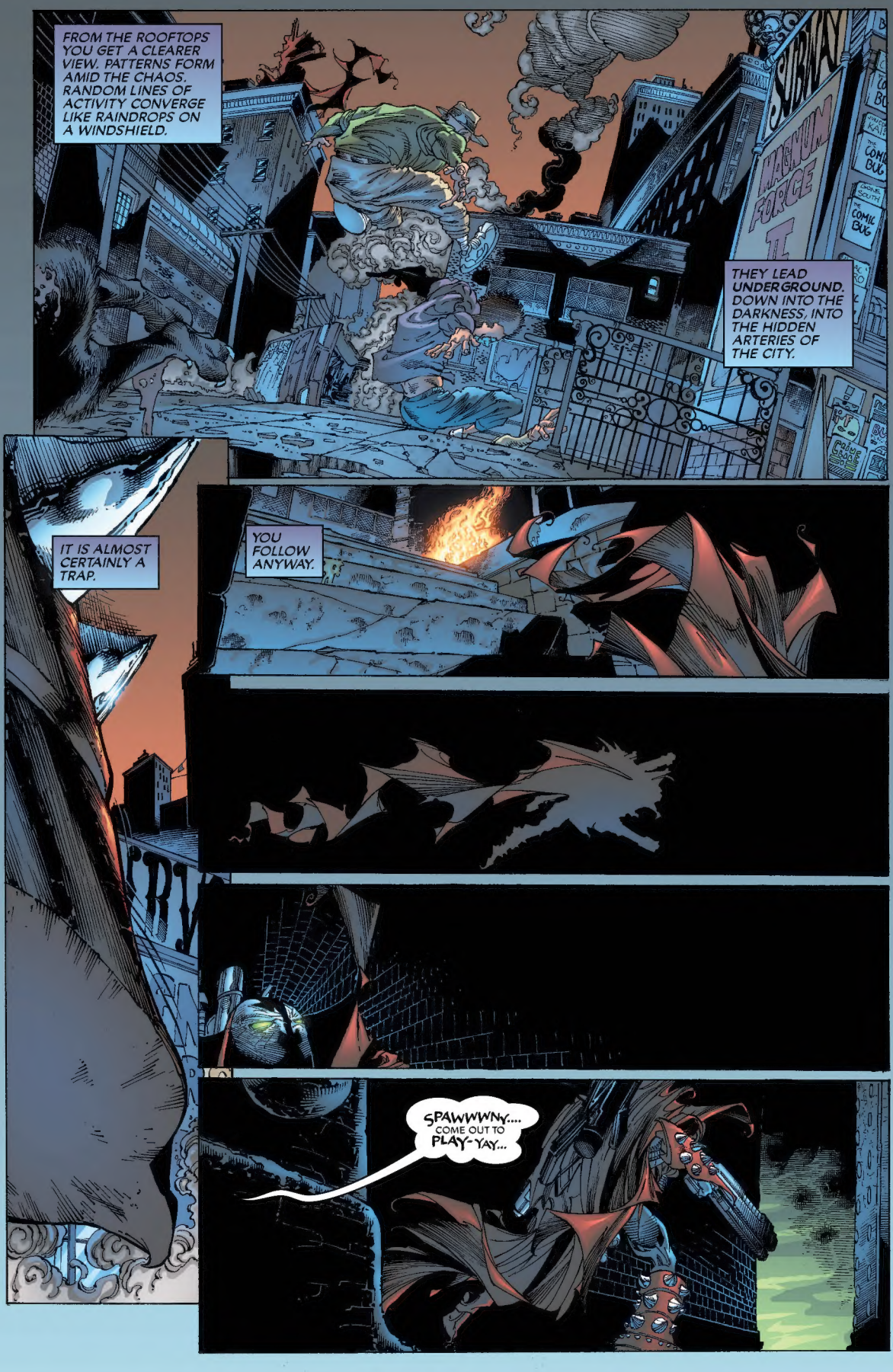
MY DEAR, **DOMINOS** DON'T FALL BECAUSE THEY WANT TO. THEY FALL BECAUSE THEY'RE NEXT IN LINE.

FATE LEADS THE WILLING, NYX. THE UNWILLING, IT **DRAWS**.



OKAY, **PIG**. CARE TO EXPLAIN?





FROM THE ROOFTOPS
YOU GET A CLEARER
VIEW. PATTERNS FORM
AMID THE CHAOS.
RANDOM LINES OF
ACTIVITY CONVERGE
LIKE RAINDROPS ON
A WINDSHIELD.

THEY LEAD
UNDERGROUND.
DOWN INTO THE
DARKNESS, INTO
THE HIDDEN
ARTERIES OF
THE CITY.

IT IS ALMOST
CERTAINLY A
TRAP.

YOU
FOLLOW
ANYWAY.

SPAWWWNY....
COME OUT TO
PLAY-YAY...

YOU MOVE IN SLOW
BUT STEADY, LIKE A LION
CIRCLING ITS PREY.

SPAWWWNY....

KLINK
KLINK

DON'T LET
THEM SEE
YOUR HAND.

COME
OUT TO
PLAYEE-
YAY!

DON'T LET
THEM GUESS
HOW WEAK
YOU REALLY
ARE.

KLINK
KLINK

THERE IS A PAUSE,
A STONE-HEAVY
SILENCE AS IF THE
ENTIRE WORLD IS
HOLDING ITS
BREATH.

KLINK
KLINK

AND THEN
IT BEGINS.

THE PEAL OF GUNFIRE
AND LAUGHTER OF
LUNATICS. THE SMELL
OF CORDITE AND
ENGINE OIL.

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

AW, MA.
HE DUN GOT
ME!

THE HEAT OF THE
GUNS IN YOUR
HANDS, THE RECOIL
HAMMERING YOUR
SHOULDERS. IT'S
BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE YOU FIRED
ONE OF THESE.

IT FEELS GOOD. NATURAL.

LIKE RIDING A BIKE.

A SECRET THRILL
YOU COULD
NEVER EXPLAIN
TO ANYONE.

SOON IT'S A VIDEO
ARCADE, RANDOM BLURS
OF COLOR MOVING
ACROSS THE SCREEN.

BLAM!

BLAM!

EMMA
NEN

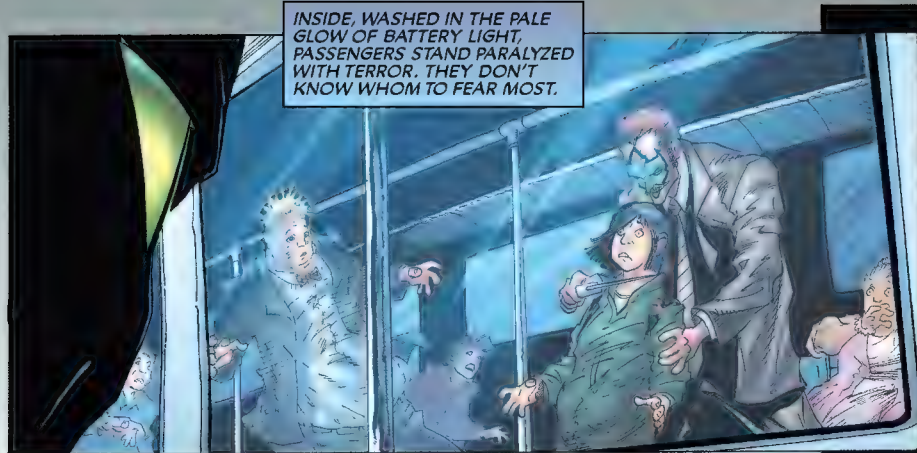
YOU LINE THEM
UP, ONE BY
ONE, AND RACK
UP THE SCORE.

YOU START
FEELING GOOD
ABOUT YOUR
CHANCES.

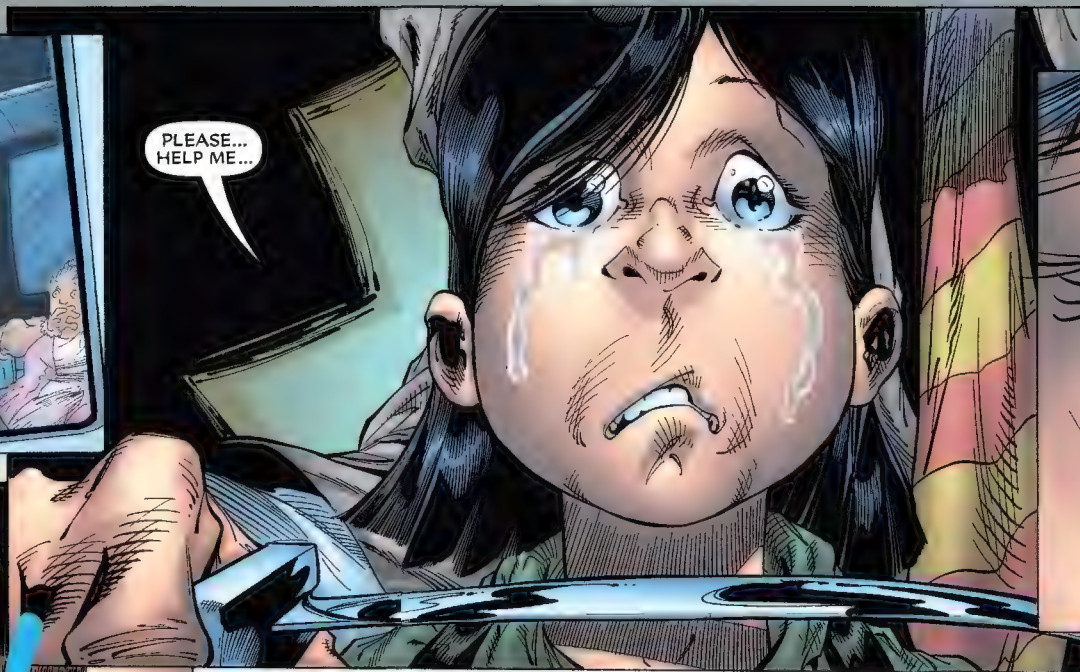
BLAM!

BLAM!

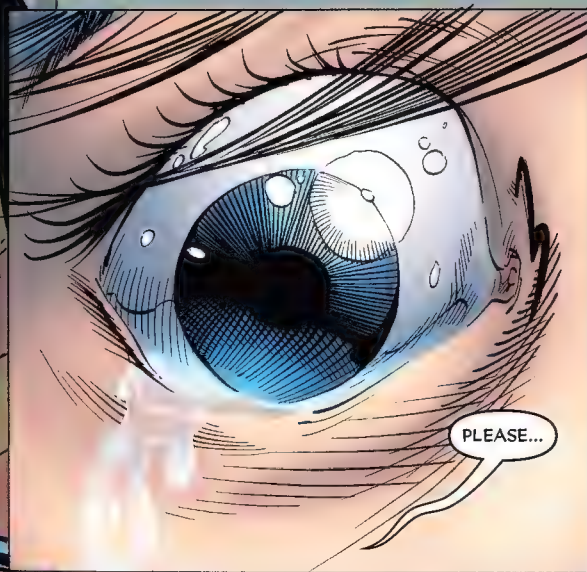
THAT ALWAYS
WAS YOUR
DOWNFALL.



INSIDE, WASHED IN THE PALE GLOW OF BATTERY LIGHT, PASSENGERS STAND PARALYZED WITH TERROR. THEY DON'T KNOW WHOM TO FEAR MOST.



PLEASE... HELP ME...



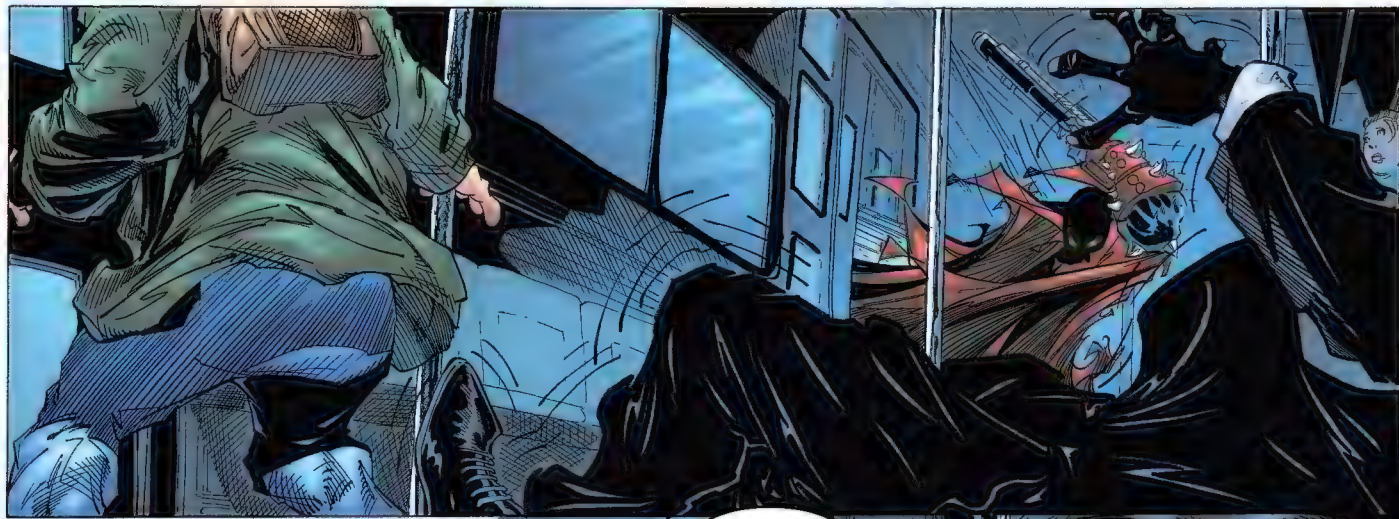
PLEASE...



PLEASE... HELP ME... PLEASE...



BLAM!

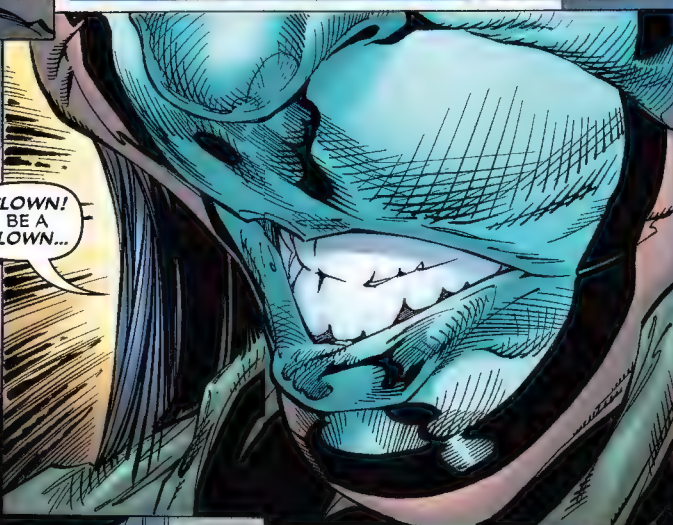


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

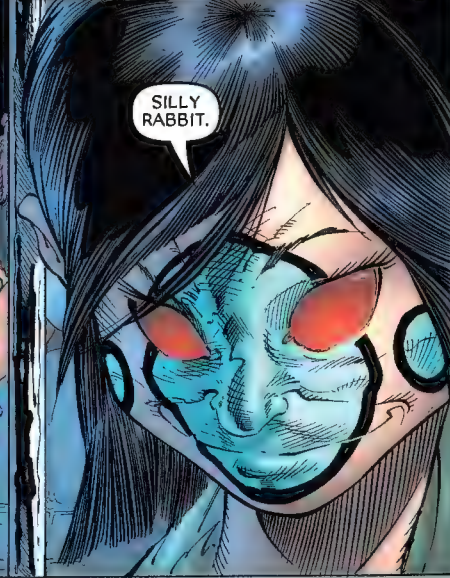
BE... A...



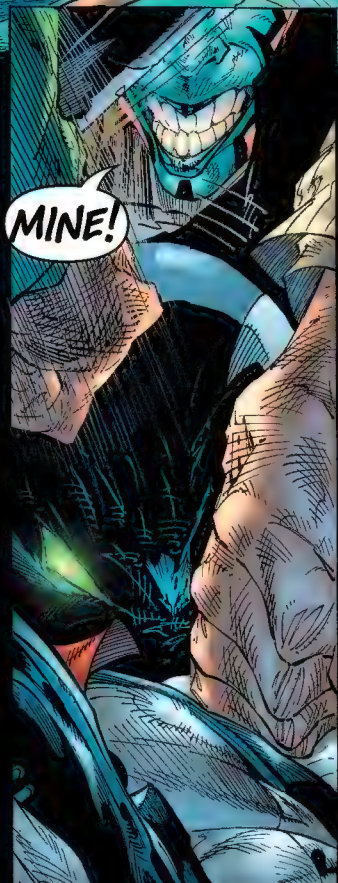
CLOWN! BE A CLOWN...

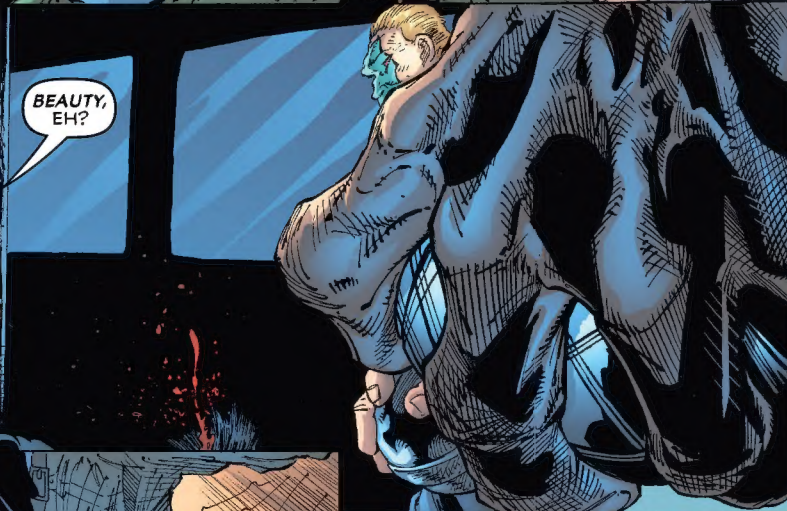


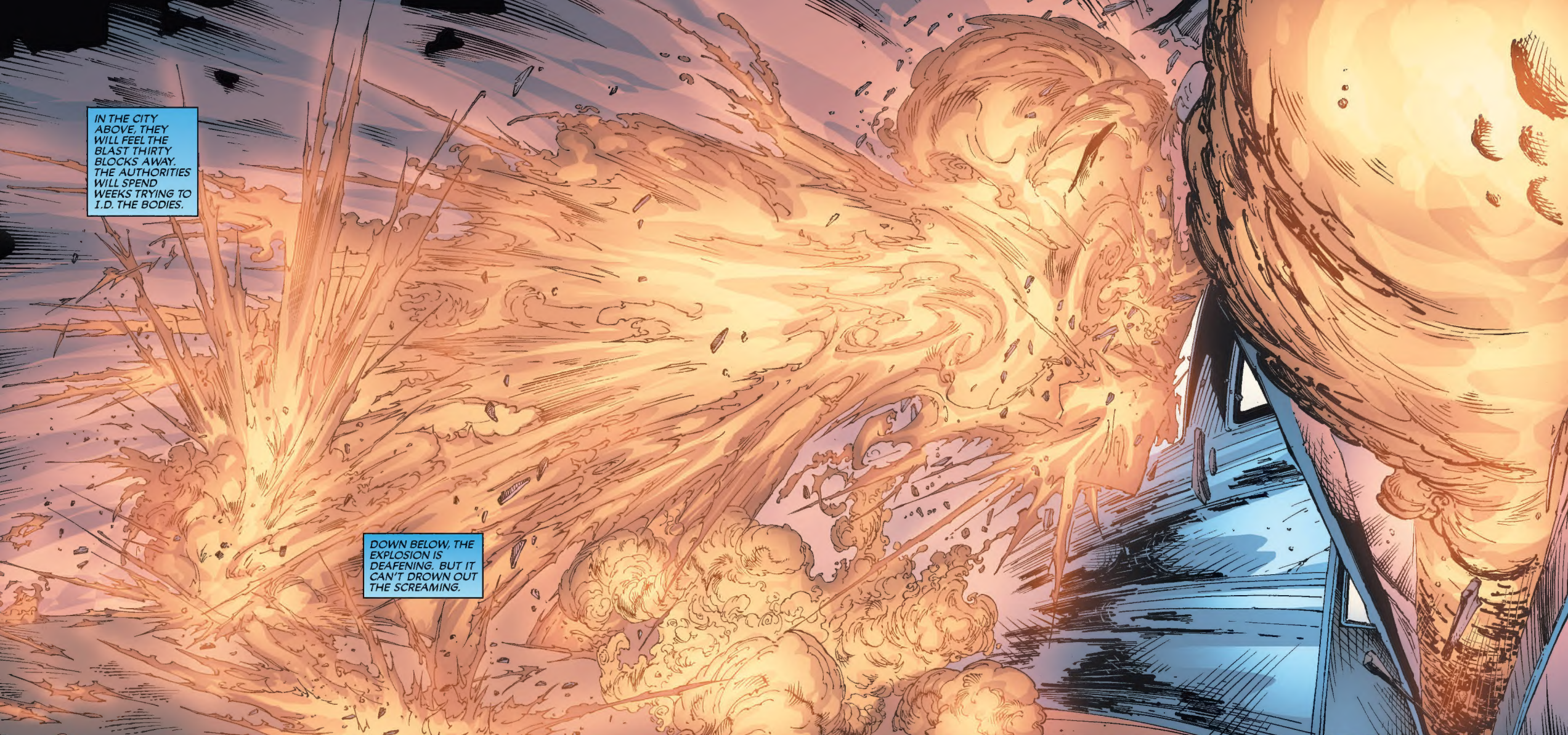
DON'T YOU KNOW THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES A CLOWN!



SILLY RABBIT.

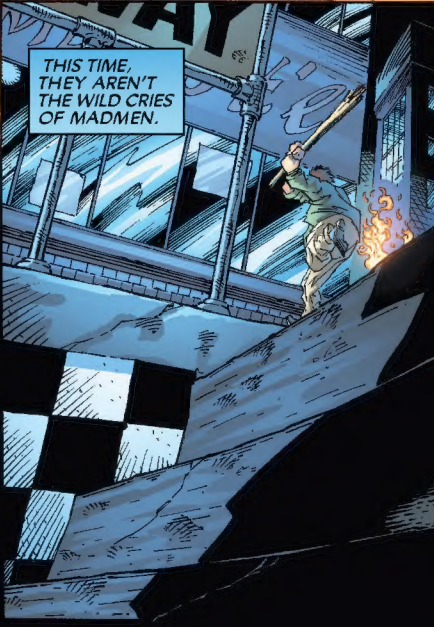






IN THE CITY
ABOVE, THEY
WILL FEEL THE
BLAST THIRTY
BLOCKS AWAY.
THE AUTHORITIES
WILL SPEND
WEEKS TRYING TO
I.D. THE BODIES.

DOWN BELOW, THE
EXPLOSION IS
DEAFENING. BUT IT
CAN'T DROWN OUT
THE SCREAMING.



THIS TIME,
THEY AREN'T
THE WILD CRIES
OF MADMEN.

THEY THE
HORRIFIC
CRIES OF
INNOCENTS,
SUDDENLY
RETURNED
TO THEIR
SENSES JUST
IN TIME TO
REALIZE
THEIR FATE.

THOSE
SCREAMS
WILL NEVER
LEAVE YOU.

YOU
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
A HERO,
RIDING IN
TO SAVE
THE DAY.

YOU
THOUGHT
YOU COULD
MAKE A
DIFFERENCE.

BUT I
WARNED
YOU,
DIDN'T I?



I HAVE
SO MANY
WAYS TO
DESTROY
YOU.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE